Frank Bridge

The Maniac

Recitation for narrator and piano

Words by Matthew Gregory Lewis

H.73.2

Edited by Josephine Lappin

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The typesetting of Bridge's *The Maniac* brings together in one score the music, words, and stage directions. The music manuscript includes only the occasional line of poetry as a cue. These cues have been honoured when typesetting and used as a guide with which to set the rest of the poem. Bridge intended the use of hyphens in the text, to indicate numerous "short pauses" for dramatic effect. These have been replaced with a musical comma to distinguish between the use of hyphens in the actual text. Bridge occasionally uses wording which differs to that in the original poem. Any such change remains, true to the manuscript. The original text is reproduced below.

Sources

Royal College of Music, London

RCM MS 10404 – Holograph score

RCM MS 10404a – Handwritten script (copy 1)

RCM MS 10404b – Handwritten script (copy 2)

The Maniac

Stay, gaoler! Stay, and hear my woe! She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know, and what I was – and what I should be!
I'll rave no more in proud despair – my language shall be mild, though sad;
But this I'll firmly, truly swear I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale, which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail – oh! Gaoler, haste that fate to tell!
Oh haste my father's heart to cheer; his heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here, I am not mad! I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn – he turns the key – he quits the grate – I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp still, still I see – 'tis gone – and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold! No warmth, no light! Life all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night, although not mad! No, no – not mad!

'Tis sure some dream – some vision! What I the child of rank and wealth!
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain, bereft of freedom friends and health?
Ah! While I dwell on blessings fled, which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head! But 'tis not mad! It is not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this a mother's face, a mother's tongue?
I'll ne'er forget thy parting kiss, nor round my neck how close you clung!
Nor how with me you begged to stay, nor how that prayer my foes forbade;
Nor how – I'll drive such thoughts away – they'll make me mad; they'll make me mad!

Thy rosy lips, how sweet they smiled! Thy mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever bore a lovelier child! And art thou now for ever gone?
And must I never see thee more, my pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
I will be free! – Unbar the door! I am not mad! I am not mad!

Oh, hark! What mean those yells and cries? His chain some furious madman breaks!
He comes! I see his glaring eyes! Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes!
Help! Help! – He's gone! – O fearful woe, such screams to hear, such sights to see!
My brain, my brain! I know, I know I am not mad – but soon shall be! –

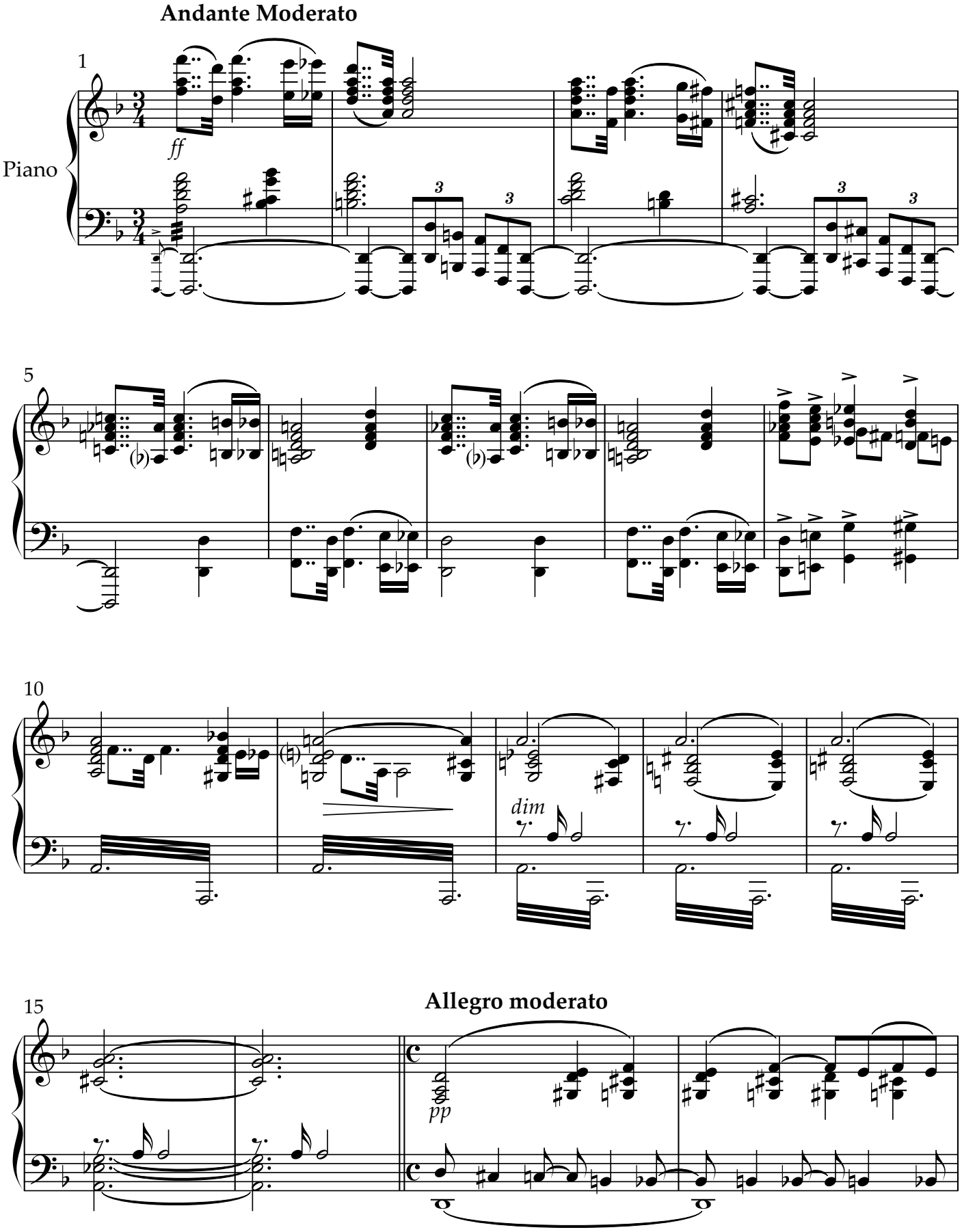
Yes, soon! For lo now, while I speak, mark how you demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me! Now with dreadful shriek, he whirls a serpent high in the air!
Ah! The reptile strikes his tooth deep in my heart so crushed and sad!
Ay, laugh, ye fiends! I feel the truth! Your task is done I'm mad! I'm mad.

Two Recitations for Speaker and Piano

No. 2 - The Maniac

Matthew Gregory Lewis

Frank Bridge



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Taking from the rise of the curtain - woman standing with arms extended pleading with warder - most distressed - gasping and speaking a little hurriedly.

Curtain

Dialogue: Stay, gaoler! Stay, and hear

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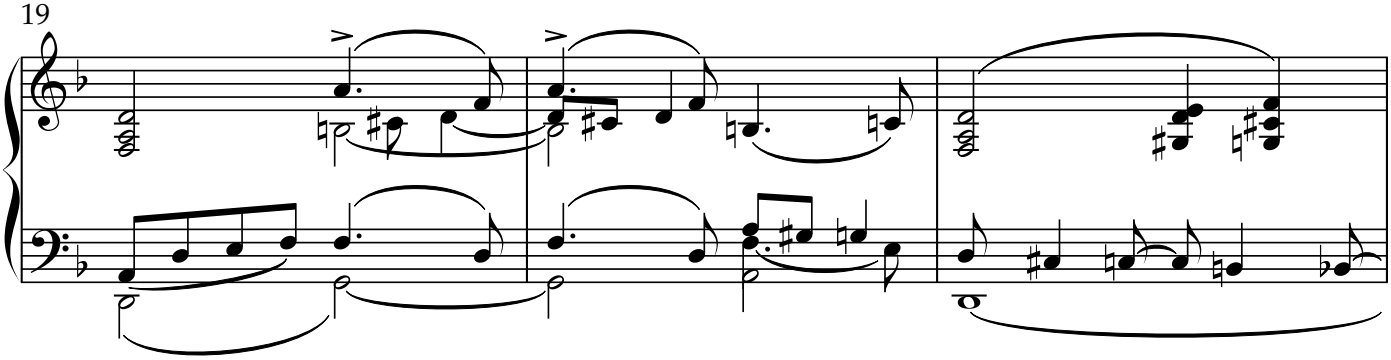

[a] *Short pause - falls on knees*

[b] *On quickly - a little eagerly as though to convince him of her sanity by letting him know she understands her position.*

my woe![a] She is not mad who kneels to thee; For what I'm[b] now too well I know,

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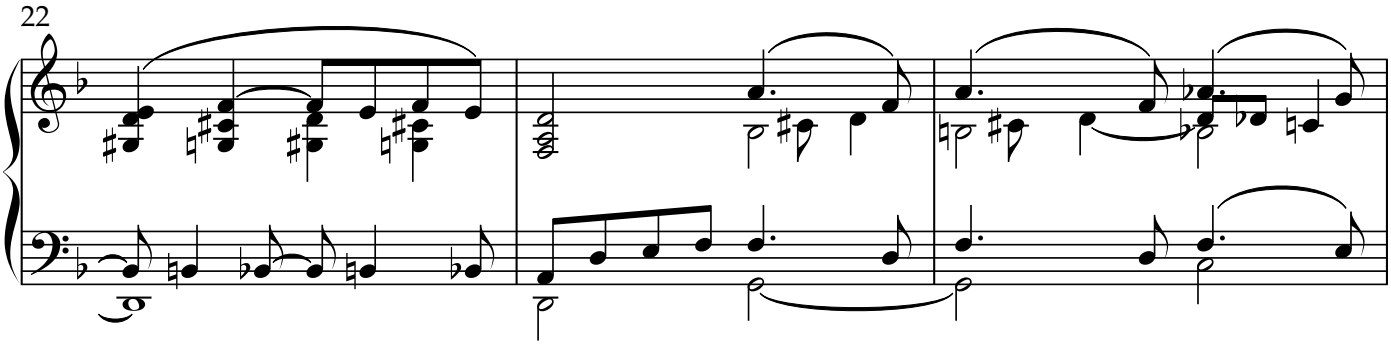

[c] *Conciliating him*

[d] *Half gasp / breath - going on quickly*

and what I was- and what I should be! [c]I'll rave no more in proud despair-[d] My language

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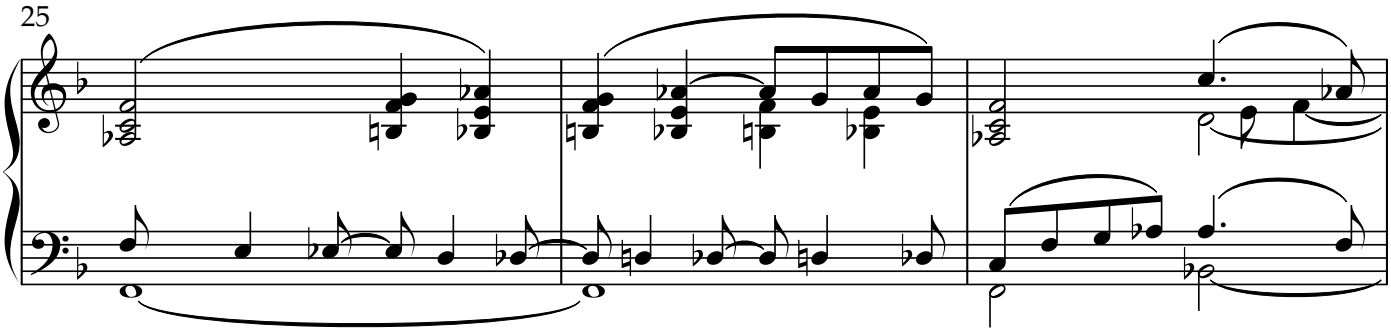
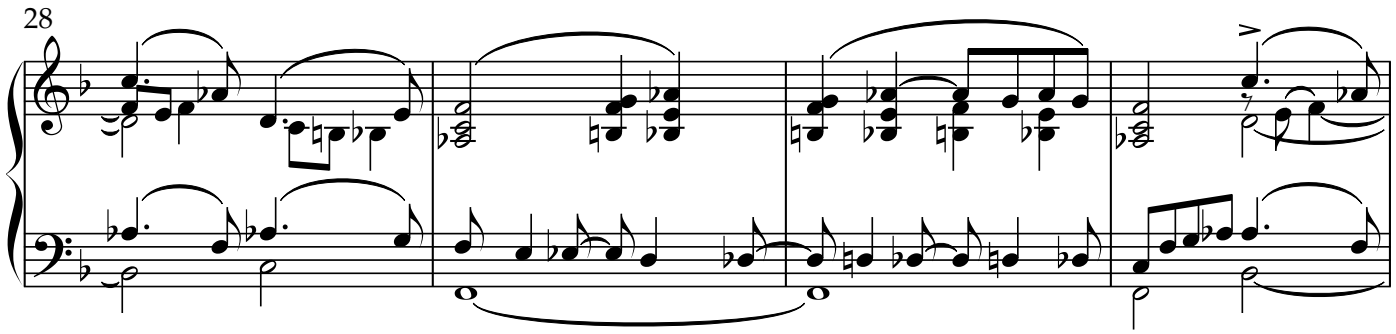


[e] *Firmly intent on convincing him*

[f] *Not heavily*

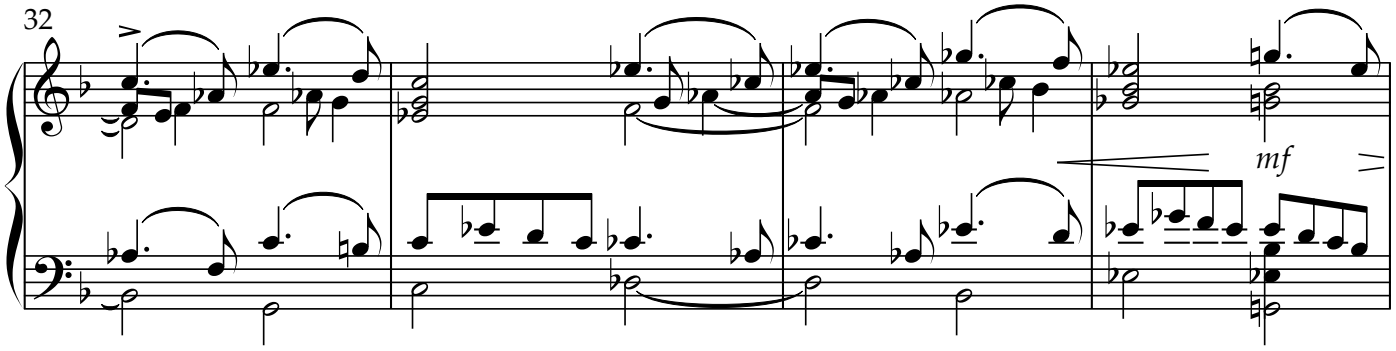
shall be mild, though sad; [e]But this I'll firmly, truly swear [f]I am not mad!



[g] *Rather hysterical & pleading*

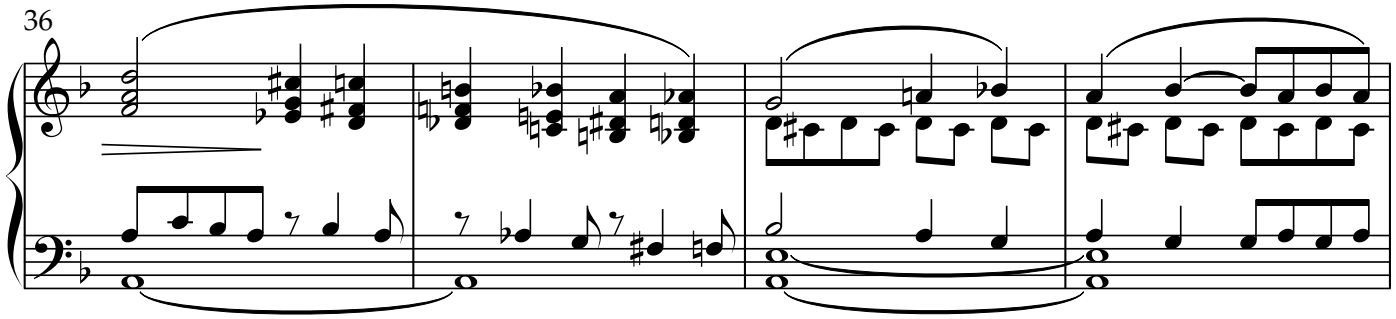
No break between the two verses - still hurrying on trying to make warder realize it is the work of enemies.

[g]I am not mad! My tyrant husband forged the tale, which chains me in this dismal cell



[b] *Most pleadingly - half crying*

My fate unknown my friends bewail- [b]oh! Gaoler, haste that fate to tell!



[c] *Still pleadingly*

[d] *Not so much pause as gasp for breath*

[c]Oh haste my father's heart to cheer[d];

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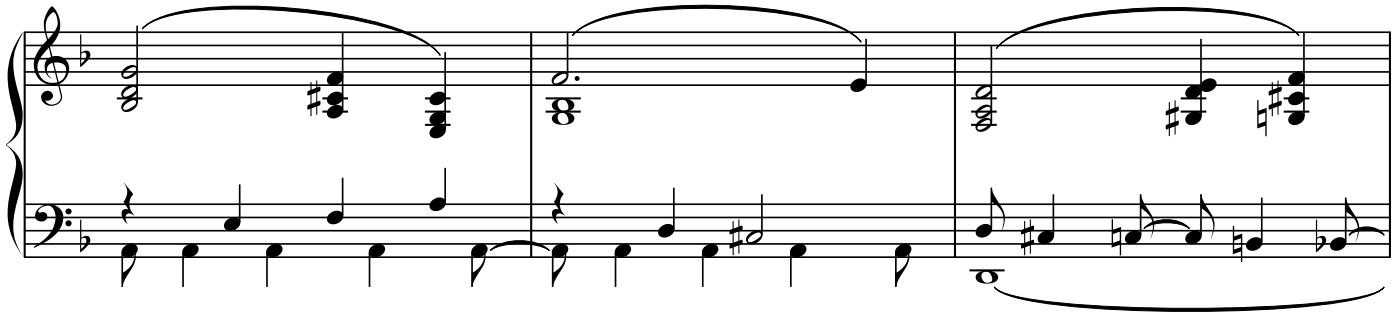

[e] *Tiny pause*

his heart at once 'twill grieve and glad, To know[e],

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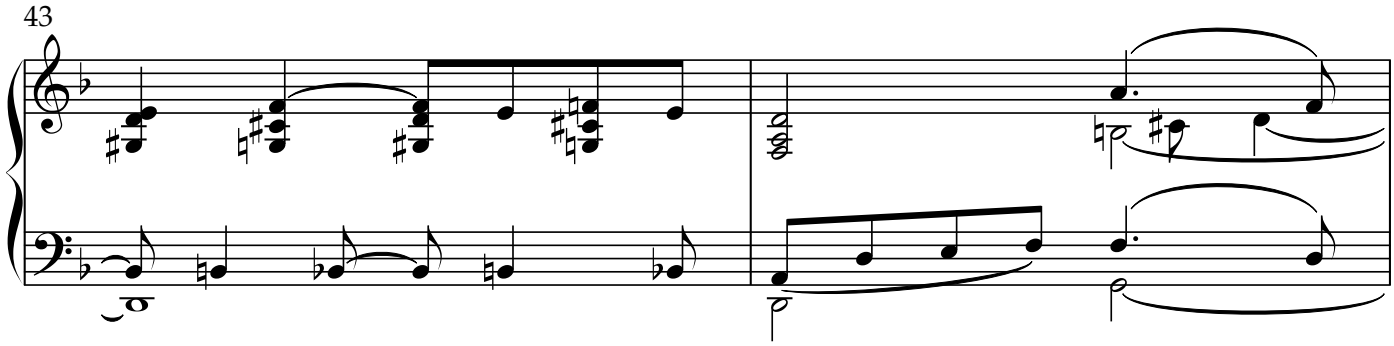
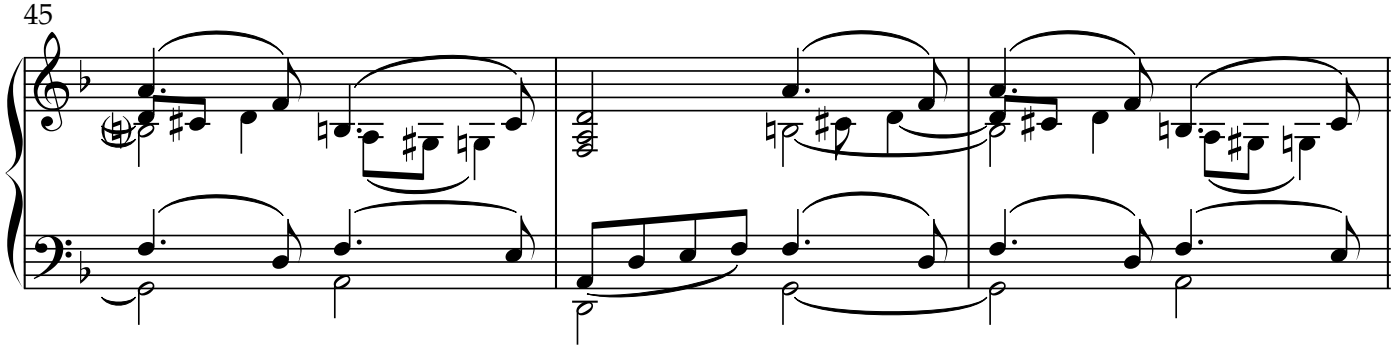
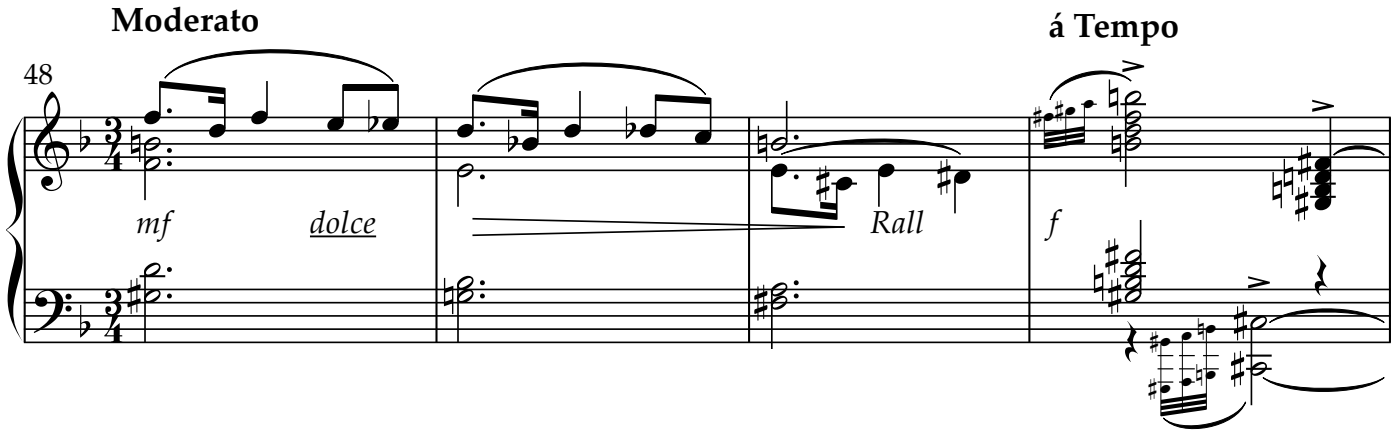


[f] *Still only anxiously - begging of him to believe it.*
Not heavily

though chained a captive here[f] I am not mad! I am not mad.

45



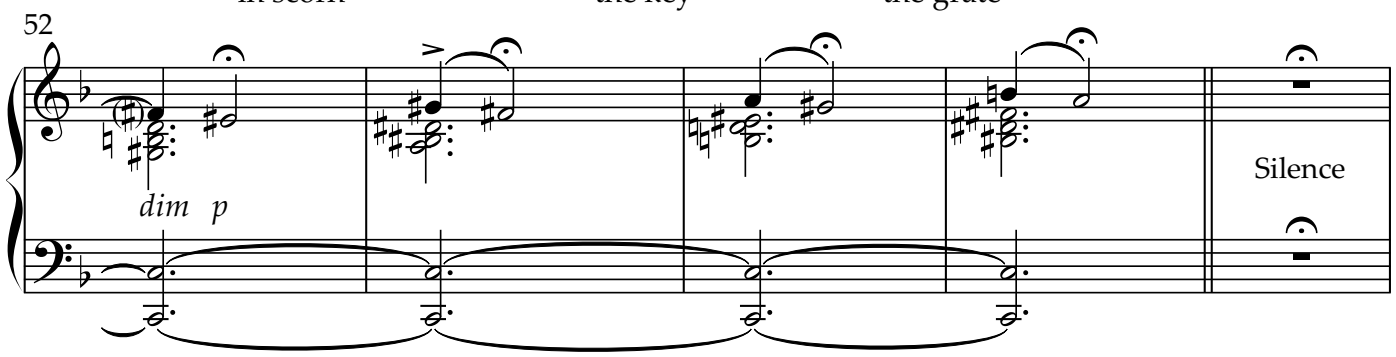


[a] *Fairly long pause - warder shrugs his shoulders. Goes to door.*

[b] *Warder shuts door & turns key*

[c] *Having looked though grating turns his back as if to go*

[a]He smiles in scorn- [b]He turns the key- [c]He quits the grate-

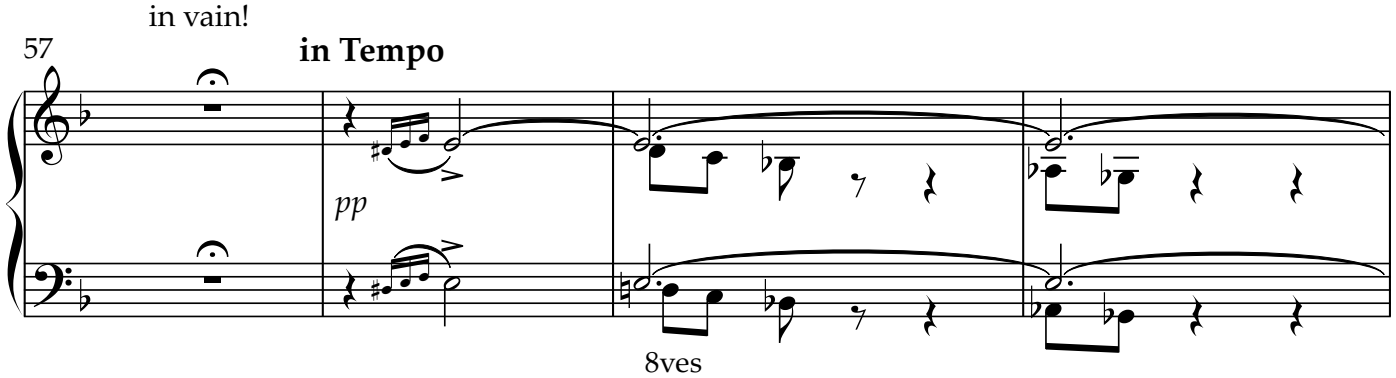


[d] *Pause - quite hopeless*

[e] *Warder holds up light to see the way he goes. Woman sees light fading in the distance.*

[f] *Short pause*

[d]I knelt in vain! [e]Still- [f]still his glimmering light: I see-



[g] *Woman watching - light disappears*

[h] *Shudders*

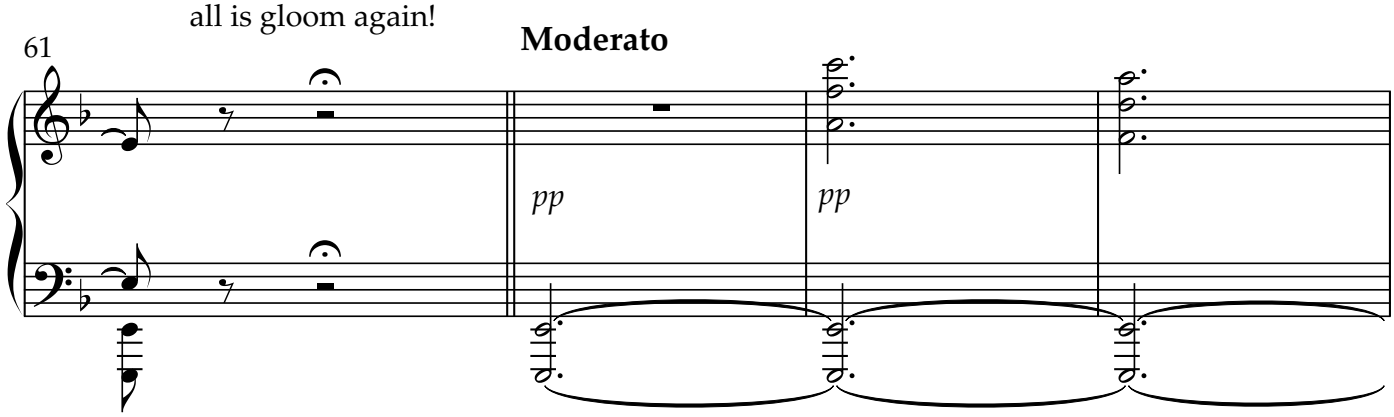
[i] *Moving back into cell and shivering*

[j] *Pause - still shivering*

[g]Tis gone- [h]and all is gloom again!

[i]Cold, bitter cold!

[j]No warmth, no light!

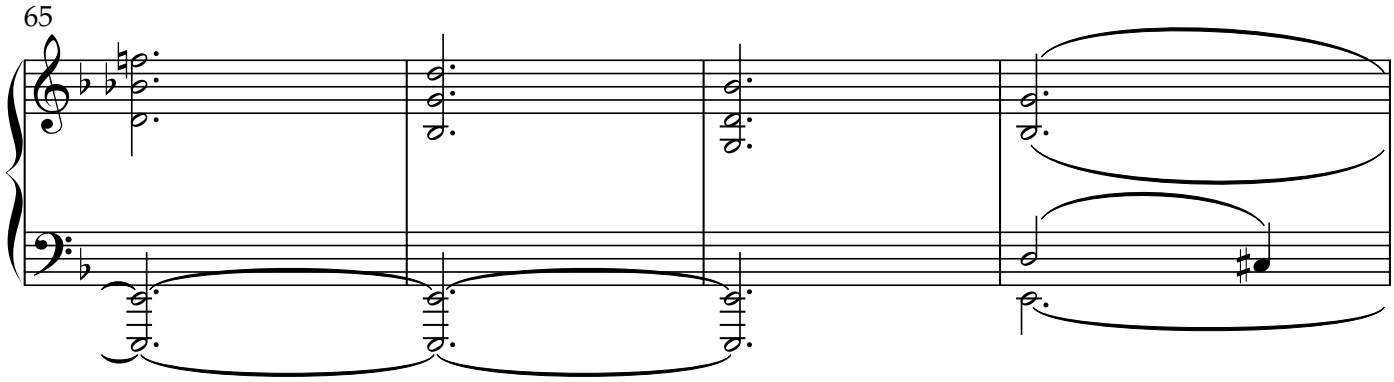


[k] *Bigger, broader effect - appealing to life she has lost*

[l] *Frightened*

[k]Life all thy comforts once I had!

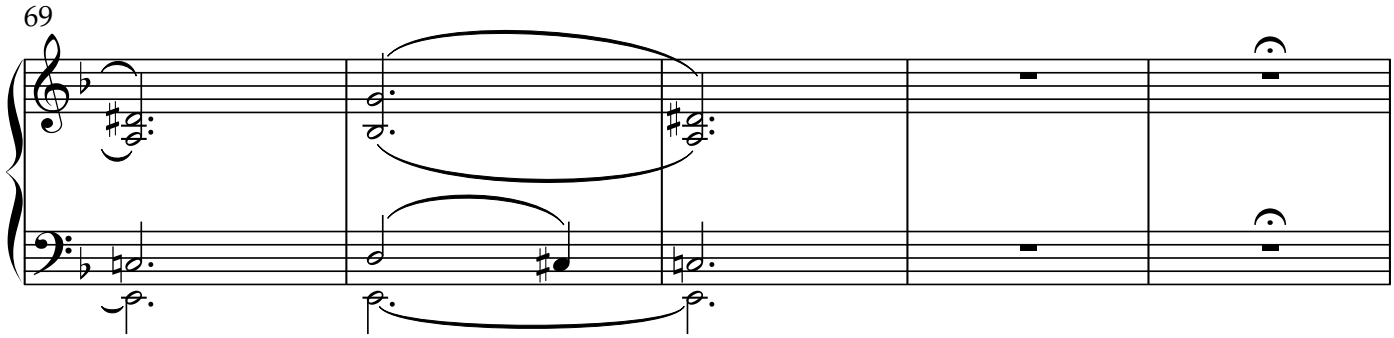
[l]Yet here I'm chained,



[m] *Short pause for sob - crying out in fear - strong now.*

this freezing night, although not mad!

[m]No, no- not mad!



Cue: *no - no - no - not mad!*

74 **Lento**

8va

ff

Pause

Pause between m & a - seeing into another world and comforting herself. Hyphens indicate short pauses.

[b] *Louder - coming back to realities.*

[a]'Tis sure- some dream- some vision!- [b]What- I the child

76 **Moderato**

[c] *Heavily, scornfully*

of rank and wealth! [c]Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,

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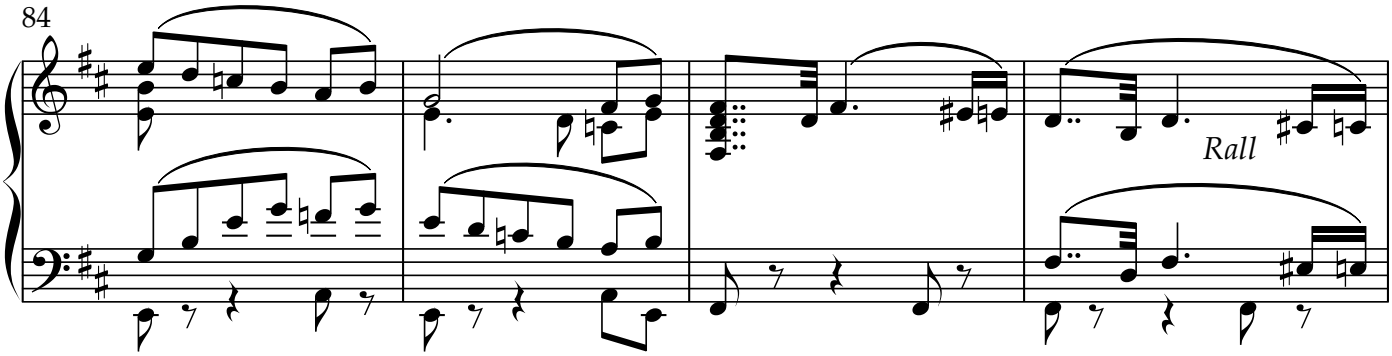
[d] *Then toning down to sadness*

[e] *Sorrowfully - not too slowly here - with sob in voice*

bereft of freedom friends and health?[d] [e]Ah! While I dwell on blessings fled, which never



[i] *Straight on after half shudder - as though the pain in her head has brought back the fact that she is accounted mad - speaking fearfully - in frightened voice with bated breath through teeth in fierce whisper.*

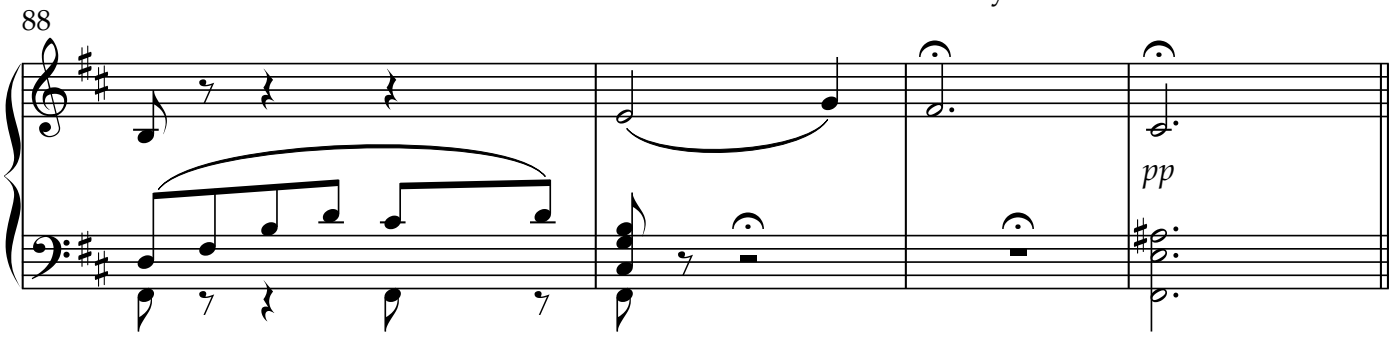
[f] *Deep sigh - & slowly on in soft, tired out voice*

[g] *Slower - tired*

[h] *Sighing*

[j] *Short pause - then more insistently - more fiercely*

more my heart must glad[f], [g]How aches my heart, [h]how burns my head! [i]But 'tis not mad! [j]It is not mad!

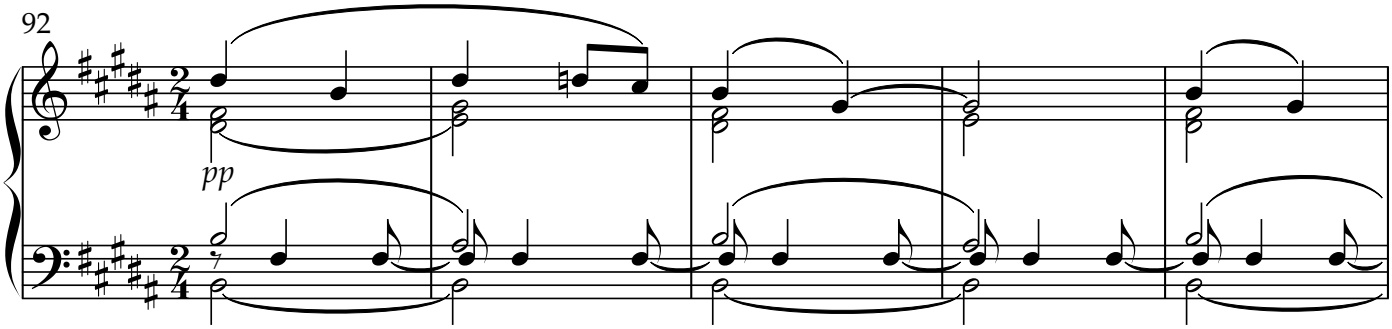


Long pause between j & a - she almost swoons and in her swoon sees and speaks to her child - very tenderly

[a] *Rather slowly - playing to the gallery*

Allegretto e tranquillo

[a]Hast thou, my child, forget ere this a



mother's face, a mother's tongue? I'll ne'er forget thy

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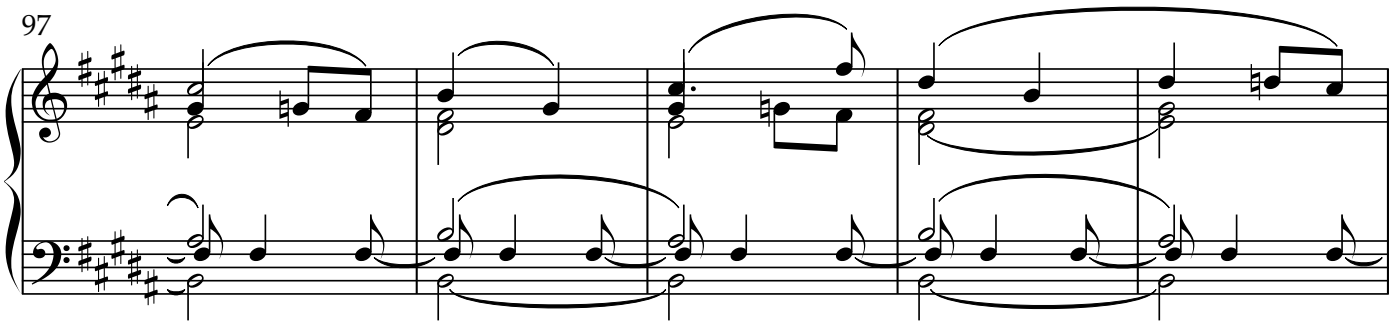

[b] *Recalling memories which only mean agony and gradual loss of self control*

[c] *Eagerly*

parting kiss, [b]nor round my neck how close you clung! [c]Nor how

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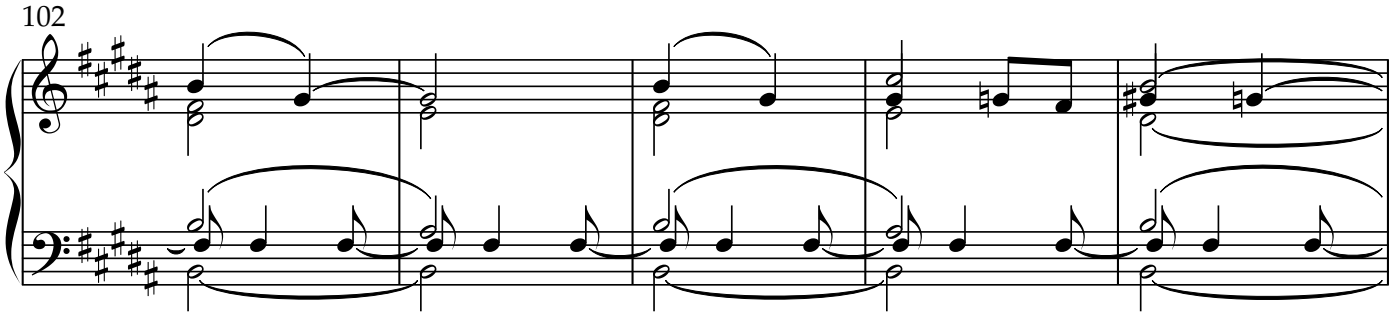

[d] *Very short pause - then bitterly*

with me you begged to stay, [d]nor how that prayer

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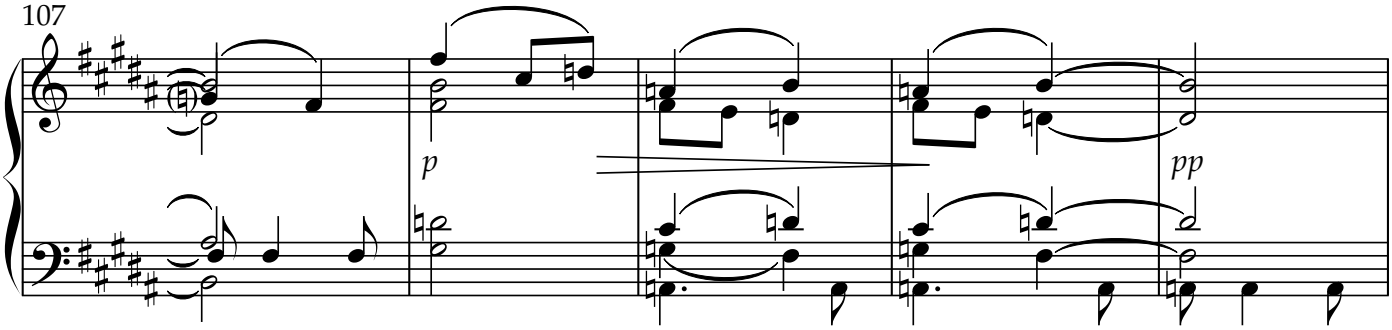

[e] *Hurrying on*

[f] *Break off suddenly with sob then determindly but sobbing - now breaking up but going straight on to g*

my foes forbade; [e]Nor how- [f]I'll drive such thoughts away- [g]they'll make

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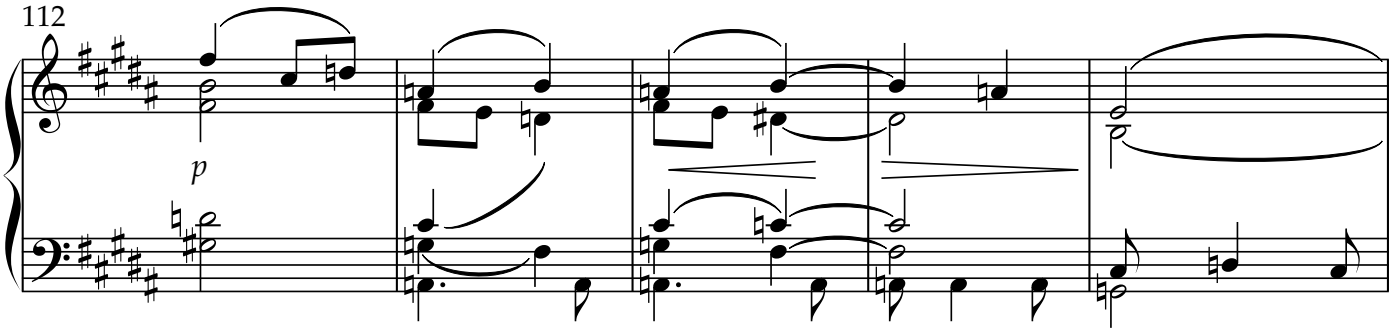


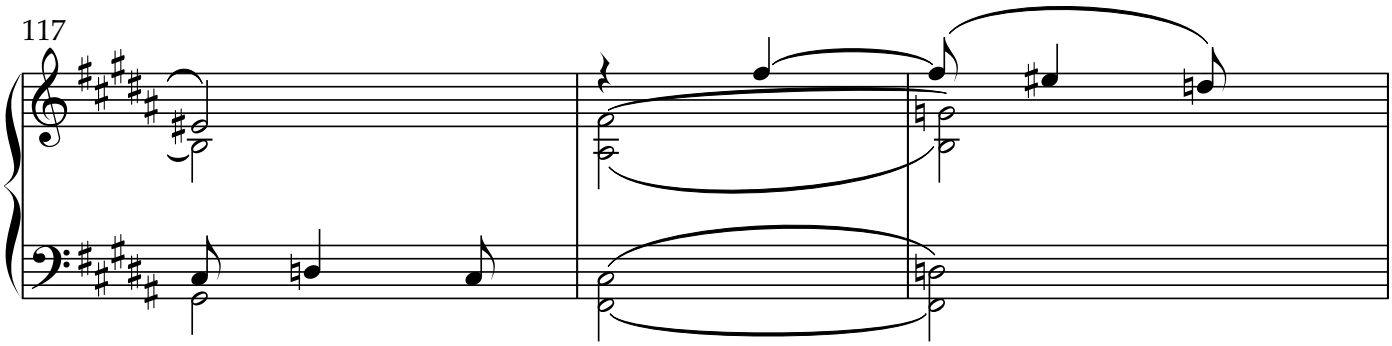
Pause between h & a for more sobs and hysteria then back to vision - not too long a pause though

[h] *Sobbing pause, and on last "They'll make me mad"*

[a] *Softly - dreamily*

[b] *Short pause*

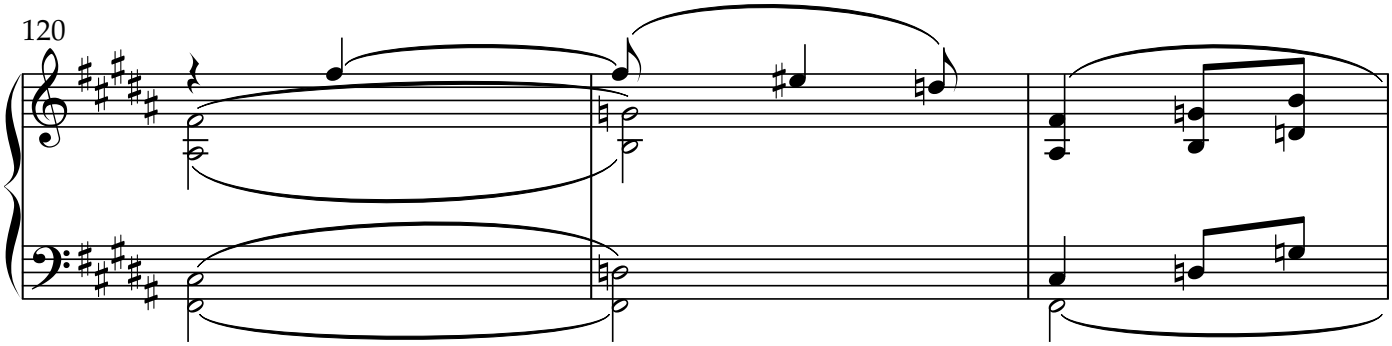
me mad; [h]They'll make me mad! [a]Thy rosy lips, [b]how sweet



[c] *Short pause*

[d] *Proudly*

they smiled! [c]Thy mild blue eyes how bright they shone! [d]None ever bore a lovelier child!



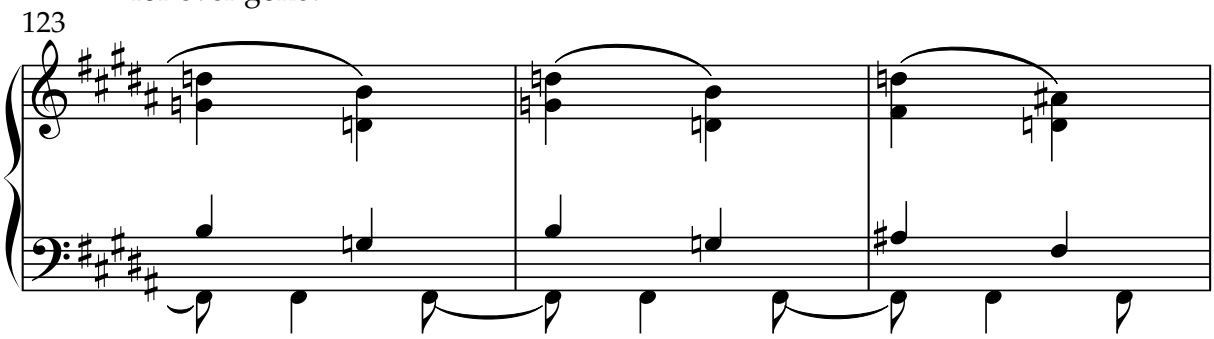
[e] *short pause as she recollects she has lost her child - then in frightened, agonized voice*

[f] *Bewildered - more frightened & more sobbingly*

[h] *Crying*

[i] *suddenly making up mind for action*

[e]And art thou now for ever gone? [f]And must I never see thee more, [h]my pretty, pretty lad?[i]



Break off suddenly at "My pretty pretty lad" [then] Segue

More rushing chords & passages than attack chords.
But for knocking on door as many crashing chords as you please.

[j] *Fiercely getting stronger & stronger*

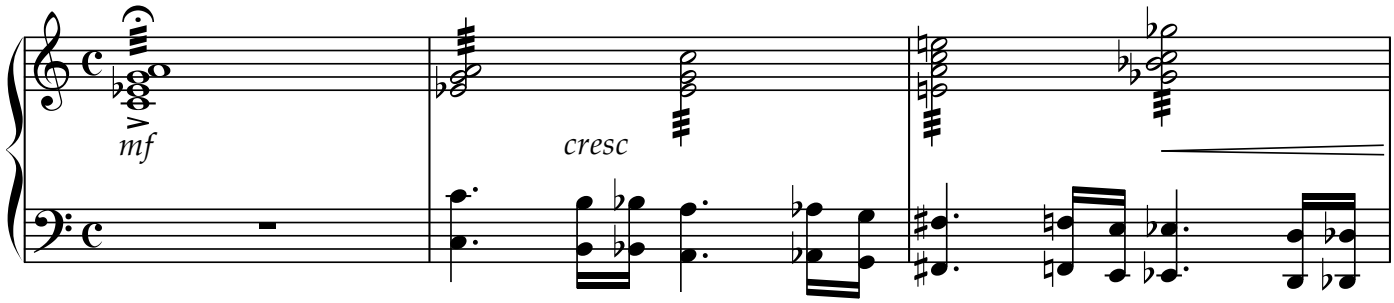
[k] *Knocking on door*

[l] & [m] *Quite in frenzy - very strong but not too heavy*

[n] *Pause - still panicking - supposed to hear shrieks - wild anger - turned to wild fear*

[j]I will be free!- [k]Unbar the door!
[l]I am not mad! [m]I am not mad![n]

Allegro molto **a Tempo**



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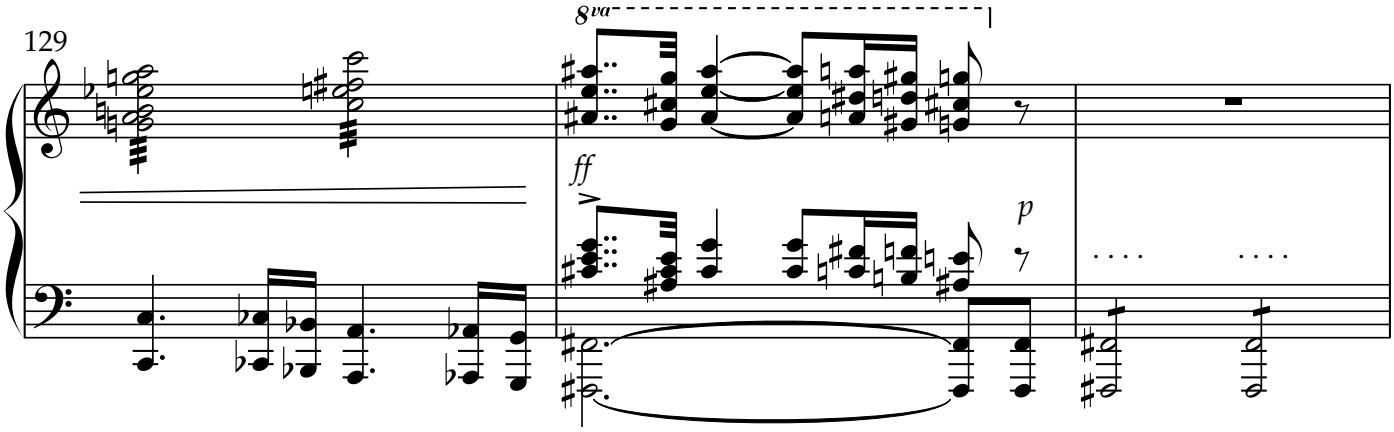

[a] *In a frightened, whispering voice*

[b] *Pause*

[a]Oh-, hark![b]

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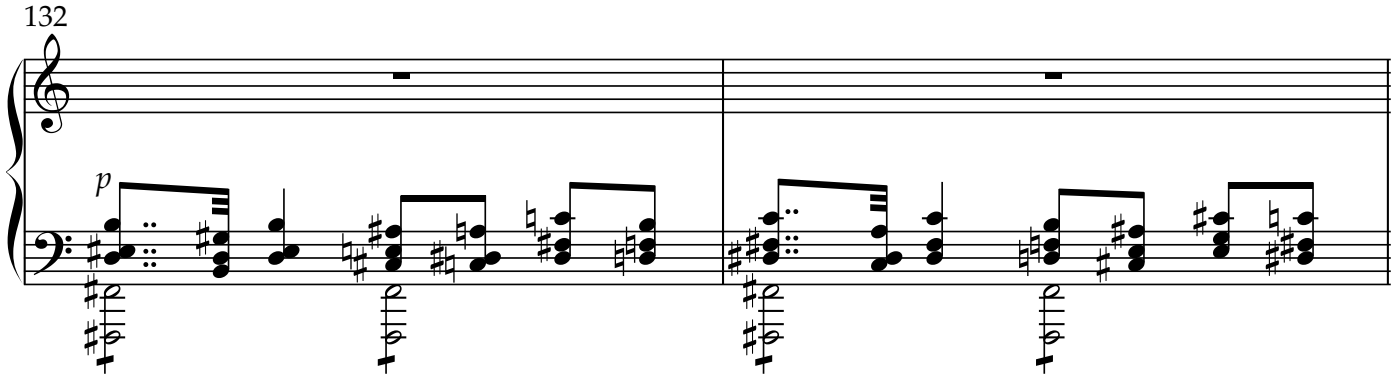

[c] *Dreadful noise of chain snapping*

[a] *Pause*

What mean those yells and cries? [c]His chain some furious madman breaks![a]

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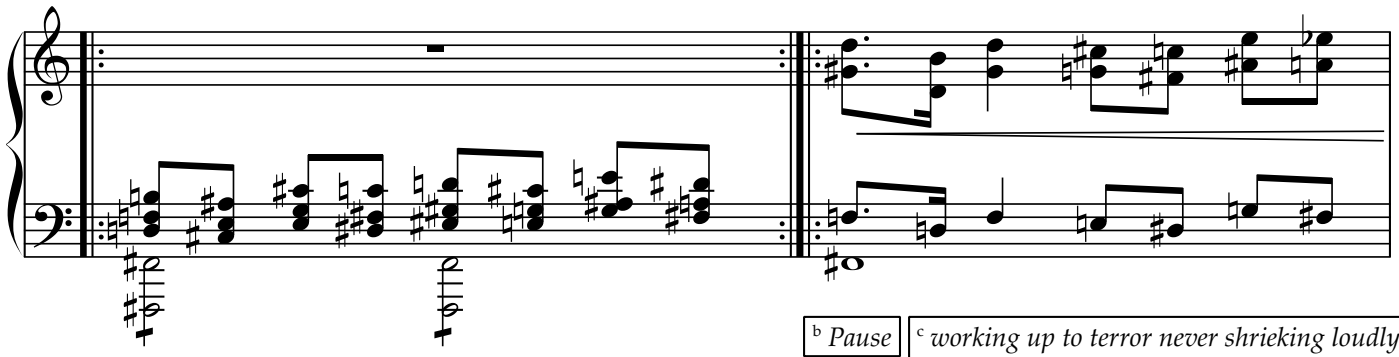

[b] *Pause*

[c] *working up to terror never shrieking loudly - always through teeth. [Hyphens indicate pauses]*

He comes![b] I see his[c] glaring eyes!

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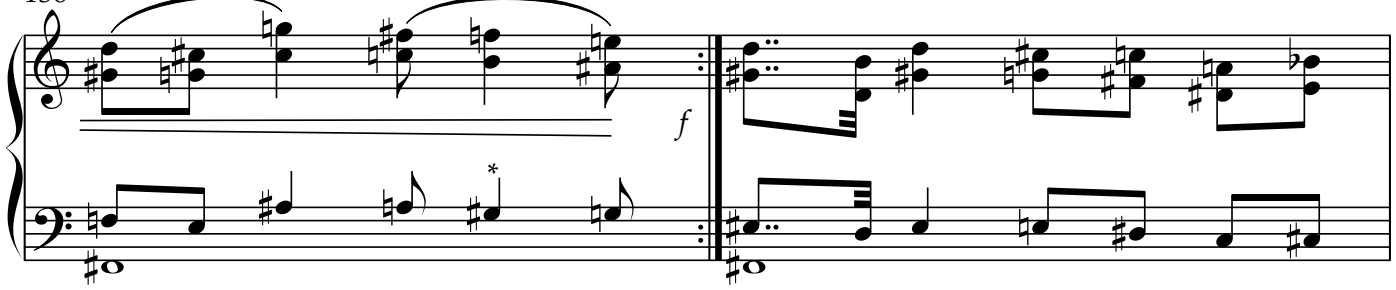

[d] *Backing from door goes straight on to heartrending shrieks.*

[e] *Long deadly mysterious pause then breathing out words*

Now-, now-, my dungeon-grate[d] he shakes! Help!- Help!-[e]

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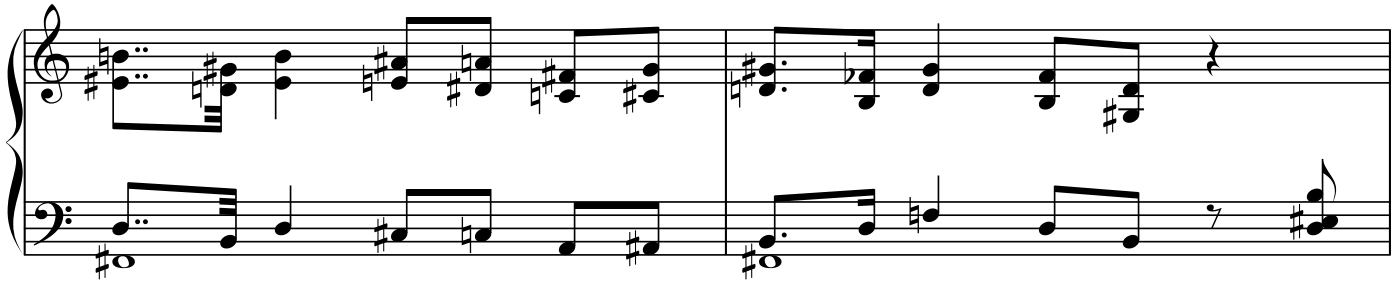

He's gone!-

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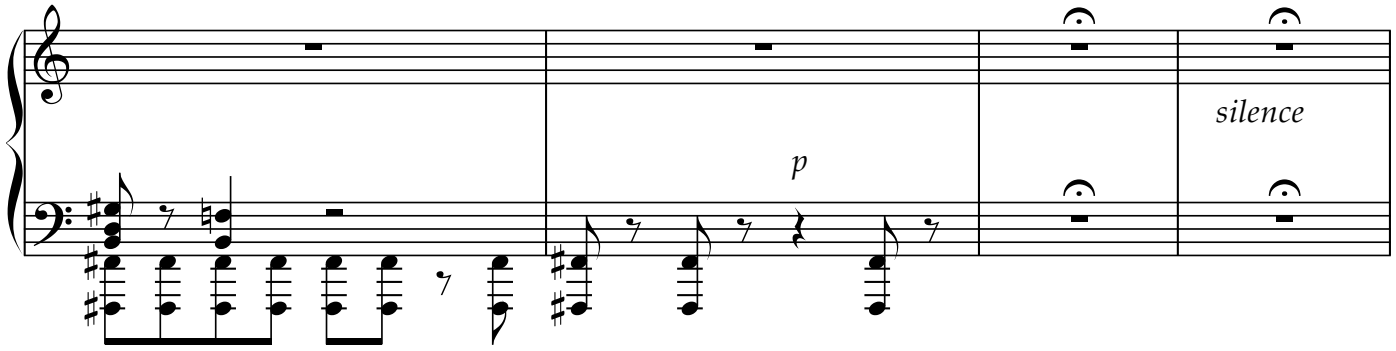
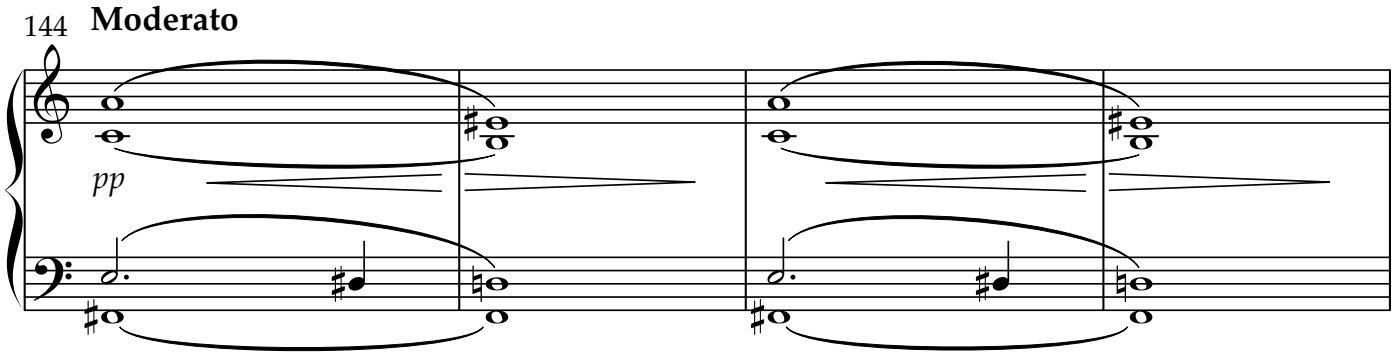


*Rhythm corrected to a crotchet. In MS it is a quaver, which does not match rhythm in the RH and leaves too few beats in the bar.

***Cue**: at drop of hand.*

[f] *gasping & then speaking as though almost every breath of life has been frightened away. Thoroughly exhausted - and slowly.*

[f]O fearful woe-, such screams to hear-,

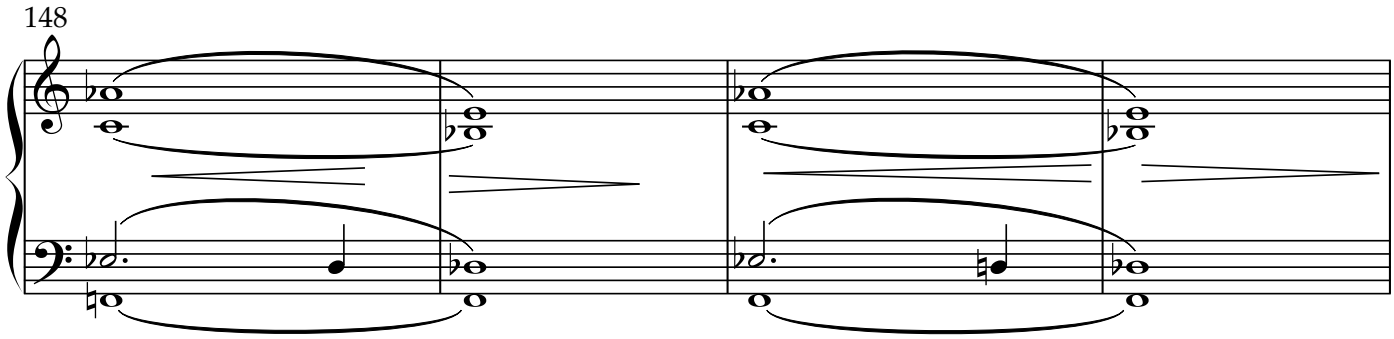


[h] *Sighing & gasping*

[i] *Putting hands to head moaning & straight on*

[j] *Short pause. In broken voice*

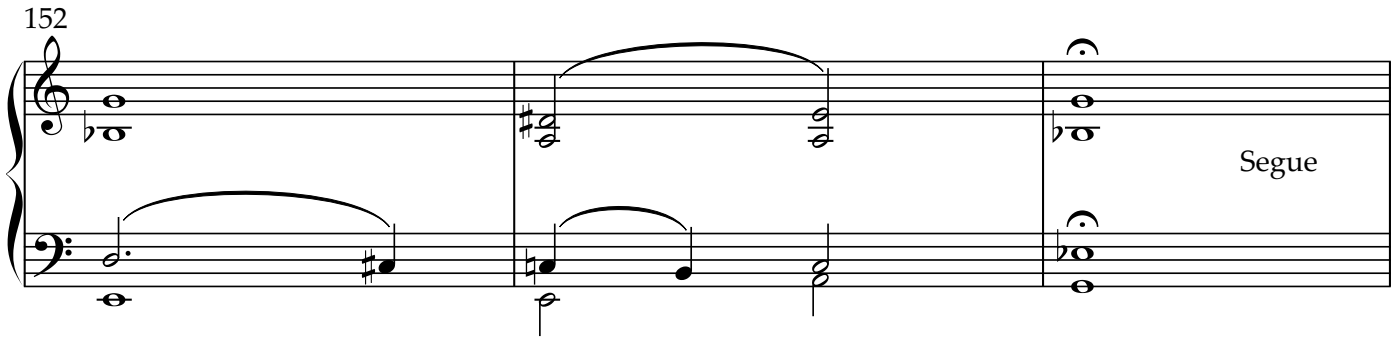
[h]such sights to see!- [i]My brain,[j] my brain!-



[k] *Still sobbing and trying to reassure herself*

[l] *Long pause in which she realizes she is going mad - speaking with bated breath - whole figure tense -*

[k]I know it is not mad-
[l]but soon it will be.



[a] *Seeing mad illusions & half pleased with herself - <u>not quite chuckling</u> - a little terrified*

[b] *Short pause - pointing out at imaginary figure and raving (not crashing yet)*

[a]Yes-, soon!- For lo now, while I speak,- [b]mark how you demon's

Allegro agitato

155

Tremolo

p

[c] *Pause*

[d] *Frightened yet exulting*

eyeballs glare![c] [d]He sees me!- Now- with dreadful shriek,

158

he whirls a serpent

161

poco accel

[e] *Staggering forward then dreadful prolonged shriek*

[f] *In broken tired voice*

high in the air![e] Ah!- The reptile[f] strikes his tooth deep in

164

[g] *Laughing madly*

my heart so crushed and sad! [g]Ay, laugh, ye fiends!

167

[h] *Getting hysterical & chuckling devilishly*

[i] *Laughing & crying out*

[j] *Hysterical & staggering so as to fall on knees*

[k] *Still more so - and falling full length on floor.*

[h]I feel the truth! [i]Your task is done I'm mad![j] I'm mad.[k]

169

Curtain

Allegro maestoso e tragico

172

8va

ff

accel

176

8va

ff